

THE DEMOCRAT.

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VERSAILLES, MISSOURI.

THE SAGE.

A scholar once did dwell upon the earth,
Renowned and famous for his learning great;
Fair Wisdom's lips caressed him at his birth,
And knowledge lingered oft before his gate.
He learned wise lessons from all things that be,
And from the timid flowers their secrets drew,
And every bird and brooklet, tarn and tree,
Gave gladly to him of their teachings true.

To him the hills revealed deep mysteries;
The waters, winds and wooded plains sang low;
Their vesper hymns and sweetest fantasies
To him who wished all nature's way to know.
The fleecy clouds far-floating in the sky
Sent messages to him of other lands;
The lark, sweet-voiced and tireless, soaring high,
Sang of the work of the Creator's hands.

And still he studied, nor would he content,
Until the things of earth he knew full well;
And ere a half a lifetime had been spent,
He'd learned from Nature all she had to tell.
The life of mankind was to him a book
Where he might read a truth at every breath;
But tho' he knew all life, this wondrous sage
Could never solve the mystery of death.

Thus meditating long upon the theme,
Oft did he sit and wonder, till the world
Was darkened, and the night to aid his dream.
O'er all her somber banners had unfurled,
And in his vision Death stood by his side
And touched him with her sable wand,
And lo,
A golden throne and radiant he descried,
Whose occupant then spoke in accents low:

"O Mortal, long indeed has thou desired
To know that which the dead alone can tell,
And since thou hast at last of me inquired,
O Mortal, hear my answer, mark it well.
All, all is life; that which thou callest death
Is but a gateway through which all must pass
From former living which is but a breath
Compared with that which follows, far more vast.

"Think not of death, but rather spend thy days
In preparation for the life more sweet;
So then shalt thou send forth thy song of praise
When with glad heart thou dost thy Master meet."
The vision vanished, but this truth remained
Forever plainly craven on his heart:
"To leave unknown what cannot be explained,
To him who every secret can impart."
—Halcyon Goodrich, in Chicago Standard.

On the Ponoka Reserve.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

THE squaw turned her black eyes on me disapprovingly and muttered something in Cree. The Indian favored me with a scowl and spoke to the agent almost angrily. Evidently I had transgressed in some fashion.

"Why are they put out with me?" I asked of the agent.
Before he could answer the Indian spoke up in fairly good English: "You no good visitor, you bring no wedding present. Young Bear held out his hand, you shake it, but put no tobacco in it—humph!" this last exclamation a snort of disgust. "Watona gave you here, you let it fall empty. We like you not."

"No more of this," said the agent, sternly. "I am surprised. A chief, the son of a chief, ought to be ashamed to beg in his own lodge."

"Watona wants beads," he was apologetic, but stubborn; "three strings, five strings yellow beads."

"Watona will go right on wanting them," returned the agent cheerfully. "From present appearances she has about all the beads she has neck-room for—eh, Watona!"

Watona, finding herself the subject under discussion, dropped her head and began a series of giggles, deep, explosive giggles.

Young Bear, vulgarly known through the length and breadth of the Ponoka reserve as big Pete Dodge, looked upon her proudly.
"Fine squaw, Watona," he bragged, and held up a strand of her black hair to show its length; "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

She shook herself free of his hand coquettishly, and bending down drew a handsome pair of moccasins on her feet.

"Too big," she whispered, thrusting them out for our inspection, "heap too big. Lala's feet are the feet of a buffalo, Watona's are small and light; they go swiftly and make no sound on the prairie grass."

"Who is Lala?" I asked. Young Bear's eyes went to the floor, and his face set grimly, but he said nothing. I turned to Watona; she was giggling again.

"Come," said the agent, suddenly finding out that he had many affairs to attend to, "we mustn't stop here all day. A man likes his place to himself the first moon of his mating—eh, Young Bear?"

Young Bear grunted.
"Oh, a bride!" I exclaimed, "then I must present a little gift." But what should it be? A three weeks' sojourn in the very precincts of an Indian village had left me with few possessions. The trinkets which I had brought with me for the purpose of winning my way to the hearts of the women and children had vanished like mist before the morning sun. Anything more zealous, more importunate than an Indian in search of a gift I have never met. My store of trinkets—used for decoration purposes only—necklaces, gun-metal buckles, scarlet belting and cambric sashes was exhausted. Yet I must find a wedding present. I had it. From the shopping-bag which I carried in my tramps with the agent as a receptacle for the different specimens of wild flowers to be found, I drew a gaudy silk handkerchief. It gave me genuine pleasure to pass it on. It had come into my possession rather against my will only the day before. I had been taking a solitary ramble along the trees bordering the river, and a great, fierce-looking Indian woman had met me and thrust the thing in my face with an imperative, "Buy, buy, buy." To humor her I had taken it, giving her at the same time a piece of silver. Then, thinking to make her a little more human, a little less fierce, I held it out to her again.

"Take it," spoken in my most winning notes, "and tie it about your neck. I am sure you would not wish to part with it."

She had thrown, actually thrown it back at me, and sped away with a curse for some one on her tongue. Assuredly I was glad to pass the kerchief on to Watona.
With pardonable pride I shook it out of its folds, and laid it on the knee of the bride. Her eyes lighted greedily, but before she could grasp it Young Bear had it in his hands. "So!" he muttered, then again that retrospective "So!"

Watona made two ineffectual attempts to get the thing into her possession. "It is mine, mine!" she kept reiterating, but he did not pay the least attention. Once I caught his eye flashing swiftly toward a distant corner, and following his glance I made a curious discovery. What I had thought to be a dog lying under a gray blanket was no dog, but a human being. A hand pushed the blanket aside, up came a dark face; two blazing eyes fastened themselves on the Indian and his bride. Watona began pushing her brass bracelets up and down excitedly, clamoring the while for her possessions. Big Bear sat unheeding, a curious air of shame about him. He kept fast hold of the scarlet and blue rag, and once again his eyes flashed toward the gray blanket.

Suddenly the recumbent figure in the corner rose to its full height and came forward. With a start I recognized the Indian woman who had sold me the handkerchief. There was no mistaking that strong face, that great figure, no mistaking the eyes which seemed demanding that some wrong as deep as hell be righted. Yet, when she spoke, her voice was calm, almost contemptuous. "Give it to me." She held the kerchief off, and looked at it, her fingers lingered on it. "It was mine. My man, my man, Watona, laid it on my first-born's cradle as a gift for me. My young chief, my straight thing, my strong and laughing thing put out hands for it, would have it."

Young Bear called out savagely, but as it was in his native tongue I could only conclude from the way she met it that he was commanding her to leave the lodge.
"It is not time," she said. All through she spoke in English as though wishing me to understand what was going forward. "I will not go yet. Shall Lala go back to her own people and cry for all to hear 'my head is in the dust'? You cast me forth, you take her"—O, the scorn immeasurable in that word—"to your bed, you put my chains on her—see my neck is bare, put my moccasins on her—see my feet are bare—put all on her, Lala is naked. You give her fish, and bread, and game, Lala hungers. You say go, yet Lala stays. She will not go in disgrace to her people. She bides her time."

Watona gave her a malignant glance. "You are no longer Lala the strong; you die soon, very soon," she said, tauntingly. The other shook the kerchief to and fro, holding it where the sun crept through the entrance to the lodge. "He is dead, my little warrior, and so—and so it does not matter; let her have it." With a quick motion she flung it fair in Watona's face. The great figure swept out of the lodge. There was that about her which brought a mist to my eyes; she had the expression, the bearing of some big animal of the wood, mortally wounded and shelterless, no spot in which to hide.

"Lala the discarded!" called the

odious Watona after her. "Lala, a dog that stalks at the door she is ordered from; a dog that eats crumbs from an enemy's table. Yahi! Yahi! Yahi!"

Young Bear's face expressed admiration.

"Good squaw, Watona! fine squaw!" he said, with a servile smile which filled me with rage, "the light of Young Bear's eyes."

The discreet agent had me away from the place in no time. His policy was to keep on friendly terms with this big Pete Dodge, the most influential Indian on the Ponoka reserve.
It was a sad case, yes, a sad case. An uncommon case, too, for they were a law-abiding lot on the reserve. The man had evidently tired of wife number one, and divorced her according to a fashion of his own. He had turned against her on the death of their only child, a bright youngster. Dodge was off in a round-up when the child took ill. Gossips—squaws are inveterate gossips—told him that Lala had neglected it. He accused her of causing its death. Later he discarded her and took up with Watona.

"But why do you not interfere?" I demanded. "Could he not be punished?"

He gave me a droll smile. "Never stir up a hornet's nest unless you're hunting trouble," he answered evasively.

This was in early summer, when the prairie grass was green and the wild strawberries white with bloom. The sequel to the story came when the sky was rose and turquoise above the harvest field, and the corn flaunting its tassels in the breeze.

An illness had broken out among the Indians at White Whale Lake, a deadly illness. First a chill seemed to strike to the heart of the victim, then a fever to burn and burn—then the end. It was enough to affright the Ponoka reserve when the word went abroad that Young Bear had been stricken. The Indian is almost invariably a coward of disease. There was a flitting. Young Bear laid him down on his bed of boughs one soft August day when the sun was hot and the trees smelling of pitch and balsam. He woke after what seemed to him a long sleep. He was lying flat on the warm earth, and about him reigned a great stillness. He looked around languidly. Where were the tepees? Where were his people? The corn, green when he had seen it last, was golden. The grass was sere and withered.

"Watona," he called weakly; "Watona, the tall and fleet-footed!"

The old medicine man sitting beside him smiled grimly. "Sleep, my son," he said; "the fleet-footed does not hear."

He slept. The gray and purple of the autumn night was on the world when he awoke. He was hungry, he was thirsty. "Watona!" he called again.

Some one came to him in the dusk, lifted him easily—as easily as Lala used to lift the little one—carried him to the lodge, laid him on his bed of boughs, gave him to eat and drink.

"Thou art too good to him," he heard the old medicine man say moodily. "Twelve nights you have watched beside him, 12 days you have carried him forth that the hot earth might steal his fever, thought only of him, the unfaithful. Go to your rest."

"He is my man." Patient was Lala's face with the bitterness all faded, patient her voice, but stubborn.

"My man, my place is here."

Then the sick man spoke. "Lala's place is here. But why is it so still? Where are the others?"

"At the word fever they fled." It was the medicine man that answered. "All save Lala, Watona and myself. This was at sunset, at daybreak Watona followed in hot haste."

"Send what was hers after her," commanded Young Bear; "she comes not here again."

"Never fear, she has taken all that was her own, and most of what was mine." The medicine man had no notion of sparing Young Bear. Was not Lala the medicine man's own cousin?

"She has robbed Lala of all, all."

"Not all." The sick man was fumbling about his neck in search of something. He drew forth a string on which was suspended a great brass ring set with red stones.

"It is yours, Lala," he said. "I put it not on her finger. I thought to, but I could not."

The big, patient face softened into positive beauty. She huddled close to him.

"There is another thing she bore not away," and she drew from her bosom the scarlet and blue bit of silk. "I took it from her by force ere she left. I want it," proudly yet bashfully, "to wrap about the little one that will sleep in our cradle ere the snow flies—thy child and mine, beloved."

"It was well done, good Lala," said Young Bear, and smiled, well content.—Canadian Magazine.

Genie Hint.

"I never know what to do with my feet when I call on a girl," said the bashful youth.

"Didn't it ever occur to you that it might be advisable to point them toward the front door?" asked the weary maid.—Chicago Daily News.

HE LAYS IT ALL TO DRINK

Frank Dawson Has No Remembrance of Friday Night's Tragedy.

He is charged with killing his sweetheart, Annie Hartman, and shooting the Hughes.

Macon, Mo., Dec. 8.—Frank Dawson charged with the murder of his sweetheart, Annie Hartman, and the shooting of her escort, Obe Hughes, at a dance, near Madison, Monroe county, Friday night, and who was brought here for safekeeping, says he has no knowledge of the crime. He stated that the whole matter was to him a dream, and he had not the faintest idea that he had done anything at the dance until informed of it by his brother the next morning. He admitted that he had been drinking the night before. Dawson said that he had been with Hughes in town the night before the dance, but had had no trouble with him, and did not know that he had been going with Miss Hartman. The prisoner disclaims any purpose of harming either of them, and lays the tragedy entirely to his irresponsible condition. Dawson is 26 years of age. When the crowd became threatening at Paris the prisoner was taken to Monroe City. Later it was thought best to bring him here.

TRADE WITH ETHIOPIA.

The American Expedition Under Consul Skinner, to Abyssinia, May Have Good Results.

Marseilles, Dec. 8.—Letters received here from members of the American expedition to Abyssinia describe their reception by the French governor of Sonaliland, M. Del Barry, on the arrival of the party at Jibuti. Following brilliant fetes, the governor gave a reception at the palace and drank President Roosevelt's health. Consul Skinner, leader of the expedition, responded, closing his speech with the statement that he would recommend Jibuti as the only feasible highway to Abyssinia and as a depot for American trade. The governor expects a large development of Jibuti as the result of opening up of American trade with Ethiopia.

POPULATION OF GERMANY.

The Increase Shown in 1902 Was Brought About by a Decreased Death Rate.

Berlin, Dec. 8.—The growth of the population of Germany in 1902, regarding which statistics have just been tabulated, was the greatest ever known, amounting to 902,312 or 15.61 per 1,000, compared with 15.09 in 1901 and 14.63, the average for the last ten years. The number of births during the decade increased only slightly, remaining just above 2,000,000 yearly. The gain therefore is due exclusively to the diminished death rate, which was 20.56 in 1902, compared with 22.68 the previous decade.

NATIONAL HOLIDAY IN CUBA.

Seventh Anniversary of the Death of Gen. Maceo and Gen. Gomez' Eldest Son Observed.

Havana, Dec. 8.—Monday was observed as a national holiday in Cuba, in being the seventh anniversary of the death of Gen. Maceo, who was killed while daringly attempting to raise an army in Havana province with which to attack Matanzas, and also the anniversary of the death of Gen. Gomez' eldest son, who was Maceo's nephew, and who was shot while trying to rescue Maceo's body. The ceremonies at Cascajal, where Maceo was buried, were attended by a throng of people from Havana, including government officials and clergy.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Hundreds of Scandinavians En Route Home to Spend the Holiday Season.

Chicago, Dec. 8.—Several hundred Scandinavians from the west and northward passed through Chicago, Monday, en route to their native hearths, where they will spend the holidays. This is the annual pilgrimage of the Norwegians, Swedes, Danes, many of whom deny themselves much to make the trip. The travelers left for New York in a special train over the Washburn. In New York they will be joined by 600 more of their countrymen from other parts of the United States, and will sail Wednesday.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S CASE.

It is Less Satisfactory and the Emperor Himself is Said to Be Apprehensive.

Paris, Dec. 8.—Information received here through authoritative channels from Berlin represent the condition of Emperor William as being less satisfactory than officially admitted. It is said that the emperor himself is seriously apprehensive.

WATCH IN THE SPRING.

And the Spring in the Watch, But the Jeweler Didn't Grasp the Situation.

While picnicking with a crowd in the country the other day, says the *Japan News-Herald*, Arch Shade accidentally dropped his watch in a spring, and quite naturally it has since refused to run. He took the timepiece to a jeweler, and the following conversation ensued:
"Here's my watch; can you fix it?"
"What's the matter? Did you break the spring?"
"No; the spring broke the watch."
The man wondered, but proceeded to examine the injured article.
"The spring is broken," he finally announced.
"No wonder," said Arch; "I dropped the watch in it."
"It began to dawn upon the jeweler that the young man was certainly insane, and just as he was glancing around for some avenue of escape Arch explained the situation."

Saved by Frost.

"I hear," said *Hi Tragedy*, "that while you were playing in one of the western towns a fire broke out in the theater."
"Yes," replied *Lowie Comedy*, "and there might have been a horrible panic but for one thing."
"What was that?"
"There weren't enough people in the audience to create one."—*Fit Bits*.

Bright's Disease Cured.

Whitehall, Ill., Dec. 7.—A case has been recorded in this place recently, which upsets the theory of many physicians that Bright's Disease is incurable. It is the case of Mr. Len Manley, whom the doctors told that he could never recover. Mr. Manley tells the story of his case and how he was cured in this way:
"I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up. For four or five years I had Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles; I was a general wreck and at times I would get down with my back so bad that I could not turn myself in bed for three or four days at a time. I had several doctors and at last they told me I had Bright's Disease, and that I could never get well. I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am now able to do all my work and am all right. I most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and am very thankful for the cure they worked in my case. They saved my life after the doctors had given me up."

Asked and Answered.

"Why is it?" asked the jolly party, "that you are always borrowing trouble?"
"Because," answered the melancholy individual, "it is the only thing I can borrow without security."—*Chicago Daily News*.

Do Not Delay, But Write To-Day.

In this issue of the paper the World's Greatest Jewelry Establishment, Mermel & Jaccard's (St. Louis), announce they will send free to our readers their magnificent Catalogue containing thousands of illustrations with prices of the most beautiful things in the world in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, etc., etc. Their prices are the lowest in America for fine goods. If you are going to make any Xmas gifts you would do well to send for it at once.

Very Likely.

"I notice the bellboys at the hotel are invariably called 'Buttons.' Wonder why that is?"
"Probably because they're off when you need 'em most."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Editor: "There isn't an idea in this story of yours," Great Author. "I couldn't call it to sell it to you if there was."—*Life*.

I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is the aim of the theatrical manager to hitch his wagon to the proper star.—*Puck*.

You can do your dying in half an hour with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

In bragging of the seed don't forget the soil. Judge.

EVERY WALK IN LIFE.

A. A. Boyce, a farmer, living three and a half miles from Trenton, Mo., says:

"A severe cold settled in my kidneys and developed so quickly that I was obliged to lay off work on account of the aching in my back and sides. For a time I was unable to walk at all, and every makeshift I tried and all the medicine I took had not the slightest effect. My back continued to grow weaker until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, and I must say I was more than surprised and gratified to notice the backache disappearing gradually until it finally stopped."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all dealers or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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